

INSTRUCTIONS

TO A

1501/III.

CELEBRATED LAUREAT;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

Mr. WHITBREAD's BREWHOUSE.

By PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi! — OLD SUN-DIALS.

From *House* of Buckingham, in grand Parade,
To Whitbread's *Brewhouse* mov'd the Cavalcade!

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

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A R G U M E N T.

PETER's loyalty—He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking—Complimenteth the Poet Laureat—Peter differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton—Taketh up the cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Bess—Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign—King Charles II. half damned by Peter, yet praised for keeping company with gentlemen—Peter praiseth himself—Peter reproved by Mr. Warton—Defireth Mr. Warton's prayers—A fine simile—Peter still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings—Peter expostulateth with Mr. Warton—Mr. Warton replieth—Peter administereth bold advice—Whittily calleth death and physicians poachers—Praiseth the King for parental tenderness—Peter maketh a natural simile—Peter furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say—Peter giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.

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INSTRUCTIONS

I N S T R U C T I O N S,

&c. &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy *golden* lyre,
 Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
 To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk ;
 Yet midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
 Say, may we venture to believe a line ?
 You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the NINE, thou writest well on *nought* —
 Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
 I think must put a *dog* into a laugh :
 EDWARD and HARRY were much braver men
 Than this new christ'ned hero of thy pen ;
 Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far, by half.

B

Though

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
 GEORGE keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain ;
 Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
 Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head.

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
 And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
 Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, or bolsters ;
 Unlike his officers, who fond of cramming,
 And at reviews, afraid of thirst and famine,
 With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess ;
 His present Majesty, whom Heaven long blefs
 With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
 Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
 As that old Queen, though often call'd old b--ch,
 In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that King,
 Indeed, was never any mighty thing —



He

He merited few honours from the pen—

And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,
Enjoy'd his girl and bottle—and got mellow—
And *mind*—kept company with *GENYLEMEN*.

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, currycombs, and brooms,
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—
Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,
Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed *jades* :
Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Reader, I am of Candour a great lover,
In short, I'm Candour's self all over,
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe,
Make it a rule that Virtue shall be prais'd,
And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd :
What thinkest thou of Peter now ?

Thou criest “ Oh ! how false ! behold thy King,
“ Of whom thou scarcely say'st a *handsome* thing ;

“ *That*

" *That King hath virtues that should make you stare.*"

Is it so?—then the sin's in *me*—

'Tis my vile optics that can't see—

Then pray for them when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But p'rhaps aloft on his imperial throne,
So distant, Oh! ye gods, from ev'ry one;
The royal virtues are, like many a star*,
From this our pigmy system rather far;
Whose light, tho' flying ever since creation,
Hath not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—

And, Thomas, if thou'l swear thou art not humming,
I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word
The instant I behold it coming.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou not, thy Sov'reign smoking?

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

How can'st thou seriously declare
 That George the Third
 With Cressy's Edward can compare,
 Or Harry? — 'tis too bad, upon my word.

George is a clever King, I needs must own,
 And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaimst "G-d rot it, Peter, pray,
 "What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee *what* to say, Oh! tuneful Tom —
 Sing how a Monarch, when his son was dying,
 His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
 By Abbey company, and kettle drum :

Leaving that son to death and the physician,
 Between two fires — a forlorn-hope condition ;
 Two poachers, who make man their game,
 And, special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the Monarch did not see his son,
 He kept aloof through fatherly effection —
 Determin'd nothing should be done
 To bring on useless tears and dismal recollection.
 For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs ?
 Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes :
 And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
 That show the leakyness of feeble nature !

Reader, thou'l't with my *simile* not quarrel : —
 Like air and any sort of drink,
 Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
 That prove the weaknes of the barrel.

Say — for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
 And thousands pour'd to Heav'n the pitying sigh

Devout ;
 Say how a KING, unable to dissemble,
 Order'd the SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,
 To *spout* :

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear ! —

Who

Who ne'er could get till *then*, a thimblefull of *beer*—

For *which* they've thank'd the author of this metre,

Videlicit, the moral-mender **PETER**,

Who in his **ODE** on **ODE** did dare exclaim,

And call such royal avarice a shame.

Say — but I'll teach thee *how* to *say* an *ode*, —

Thus shall thy labours visit **FAME**'s abode

In company with my immortal lay —

And look, Tom — thus I fire away —

BIRTH.

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth
Not to the *brightest* Monarch upon earth,

Because there are some brighter, and as big—

Who love the arts that man exalt to Heav'n—

George loves them likewise when they're given

To four-legg'd gentry, chrift'ned dog and pig*,

Whose acts in this our unenlight'ned nation

Have much improv'd the British education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,

The Monarch heard of Mr. WHITBREAD's fame.

Quoth he one day unto the Queen, "My dear,

" Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;

" Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen!"

Thus said the KING unto the QUEEN.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,

To Mr. WHITBREAD forth he sent a page,

* The dancing dogs and wise pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

To

To say, That MAJESTY propos'd to view,
 With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,
 His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads fam'd,
 And learn the noble secret how to *brew*.

Of such unthought-of honour proud,
 Most lowly Mr. WHITBREAD bow'd;
 So *humbly*, (so the humble story goes,) He touch'd ev'n *terra firma* with his nose;
 Then said unto the page, *bight* Billy Ramus,
 Happy are we that our great KING should name us
 As worthy unto Majesty to shew
 How very dext'rously we brew.

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
 To Majesty the welcome tidings brought;
 Then told how WHITBREAD star'd like any stake,
 And trembled---then the civil things he said—
 On which the King did smile and nod his head;
 For Monarchs love to see their subjects quake:

Such horrors unto Kings most pleasant are,
 Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—
 High thoughts, too, all those shaking fits declare
 Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
 Look on the humbler sons of earth,
 Indeed, in a most humble light, God knows!
 High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
 Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
 The people walking on the strand, like *crows*.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr. Whitbread made;
 Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid
 He should not charm enough his guests *divine*:
 His *maids* had all new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
 And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks
 To make th' apprentices and draymen *fine*.

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
 Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled over,

Amidst

[11]

Amidst the Whitbread-rout of preparation
To treat the lofty RULER of the nation.

Now mov'd KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESSES so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land---
Who sometimes drank his beer and munch'd his meat
In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell Street.

Lord AYLESBURY, and DENBIGH's Lord *also*,
His Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE *likewise*,
With Lady HAROURT, join'd the *rareeshow*,
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes---
For lo! a greater show ne'er grac'd those *quarters*,
Since MARY roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
To Mr. Whitbread, who had GOD
Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met---
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
So much the BREWER did the KING revere.

Her

Her MAJESTY contriv'd to make a *dip*---
 Light as a feather then the KING did skip,
 And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,
 Before poor WHITBREAD well could answer half.

Reader! my Ode should have a *simile*---
 Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
 Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
 I saw---such noise the feather'd imps did make
 As made my *pericranium* ake---
 Asking and telling parrot news.

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
 Whilst draymen and the brewer's boys
 Did eat the questions which the King did ask:
 In diff'rent parties were they staring seen,
 Wond'ring to think they saw a King and Queen;
 Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)
 Into the mouths of many a gaping puncheon,
 And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
 To view, and be assur'd what sort of things
 Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings;
 For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
 And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
 Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now Majesty into a pump so deep
 Did with an opera glass of DOLLAND peep,
 Examining with care each wond'rous matter
 That brought up water—

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
 A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
 A bird for curiosity well known,
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,
 Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone,

And now his curious M----y did stoop
 To count the nails on ev'ry hoop:
 And lo! no single thing came in his way
 That, full of deep research, he did not say,
 " What's this? hæ hæ? what's that? what's this? what's that?"
 So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
 As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
 Our SOVEREIGN peeps into the world of *small*.
 Thus microscopic geniuses explore
 Things that too oft provoke the public scorn,
 Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
 By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, serious, did declare,
 To make the Majesty of England stare,
 That he had butts enow, he knew,
 Plac'd side by side, would reach along to Kew:

On

On which the KING, with wonder, swiftly cry'd,
 " What ? if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
 " What would they do plac'd end to end ? "

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
 The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,
 Almost to Windsor that they would extend ?

On which the KING with *wond'ring* mien,
 Repeated it unto the *wond'ring* QUEEN :

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
 The brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd ;
 The brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,
 Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder..

Now did the KING for other beers enquire,
 For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
 And after talking of these diff'rent beers,
 Ask'd Whitbread if *his* porter equall'd *theirs* ?

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question,
 Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion ;

A kind

A kind of question to the Man of Cask
 That not ev'n SOLOMON himself would ask.

Now MAJESTY, alive to knowledge, took
 A very pretty memorandum book,
 With gilded leaves of asses skin so white,
 And in it *legibly* began to write —

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
 For roasting chesnuts or potates.

Mem.

"Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer —
 Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? — where doth it dwell —
 Would not horse aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—
 'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.—To remember to forget to ask
 Old Whitbread to my house one day—

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
 The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencil'd his remarks so *fbrew'd*—

Sharp as the point of a new pin,
 His MAJESTY his watch most sagely view'd,
 And then put up his asses skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd MAJESTY to say,
 "Whitbread, are all your horses fond of *hay*?"

"Yes, please your MAJESTY," in humble notes,
 The brewer answer'd—"also, Sir, of *oats*.
 "Another thing my horses, too, maintains—
 "And that, an't please your MAJESTY, are *grains*."

“ Grains? grains? ” said MAJESTY, “ to fill their crops?

“ Grains? grains?—that come from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops.”

Here was the KING, like hounds sometimes, *at fault*—

“ SIRE,” cry’d the humble brewer, “ give me leave

“ Your sacred MAJESTY to undeceive,

“ Grains, SIRE, are never made from *hops*, but *malt*.

“ True,” said the cautious MONARCH, with a smile:

“ From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.”

“ Yes,” with the sweetest bow, rejoin’d the brew’r,

“ An’t please your MAJESTY, you did, I’m sure.”

“ Yes,” answer’d MAJESTY, with quick reply,

“ I did, I did, I did, I, I, I.”

Reader, whene’er thou dost espy a nose

That bright with many a ruby glows;

That nose thou may’st pronounce, nay safely swear,

Was nurs’d on something better than *small beer*.

Thus when thou findest KINGS in brewing, wise—

In Nat’ral Hist’ry holding lofty station;

Thou may’st conclude with marv’ling eyes;

Such KINGS have had a *goodly* education—

Now

Now did the KING admire the bell so fine,
 That daily asks the draymen all to dine :
 On which the bell rung out (how very proper !)
 To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their SOVEREIGN's curious eye,
 Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
 All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
 Appear'd the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs ;
 On which th' observent Man who fills a Throne,
 Declar'd the pigs were vastly like *his own*.

Now did his MAJESTY so gracious say
 To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,
 “ Whitbread, d'ye *nick* th' Exciseman now and then ? —
 “ Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade ? —
 “ Hæ ? what ? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid ?
 “ What what's the matter with the men ?
 “ D'ye hunt ? — hæ hunt ? — No, no ; you are too *old* —
 “ You'll be Lord May'r — Lord May'r one day —
 “ Yes, yes, I've heard so — yes, yes, so I'm told :
 “ Don't don't the fine for Sheriff pay —

“ I'll

“ I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare :—

“ Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be Lord May'r.

“ Whitbread, d'ye *keep* a coach, or *job* one, pray ?

“ Job, job, that's cheapest—yes, that's best, that's best—

“ You put your liv'ries on your draymen—hæ ?

“ Hæ, Whitbread ?—You have feather'd well your nest.

“ What is the price now, hæ, of all your stock ?—

“ But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray what's o'clock ? ”

Now Whitbread inward said, “ May I be curs'd

“ If I know what to answer *firſt*.”

Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye —

But ere the Man of Malt an answer found,

Quick on his heel, lo, MAJESTY turn'd round,

Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong —

From curiosity doth wisdom flow :

For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,

The more a man *inquires*, the more he'll *know*.

Reader,

Reader, didst ever see a waterspout?

'Tis possible that thou wilt answer, "No."

Well, then! he makes a most infernal rout;

Sucks like an elephant the waves below

With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,

As if he meant to drink the ocean *dry*;

At length *so full*, he can't hold one drop more —

He bursts — down rush the waters with a roar.

Thus have I seen a MONARCH at reviews

Suck from the tribe of officers the news,

Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous* matter,

And souse it on the QUEEN with *such a clatter*!

I always would advise folks to ask questions —

For truly, questions are the keys of knowledge;

Soldiers — that forage for the MIND's digestions —

Cut figures at th' OLD BAILEY, and at COLLEGE;

Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,

Even of the *lowest* green-bag drudges.

The Sages say DAME TRUTH delights to dwell,
 Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well —
 Questions are, then, the windlasses and the rope
 That pull the grave OLD GENTLEWOMAN up.
 Damn* jokes, then, and unmannerly suggestions,
 Reflecting upon Kings for asking Questions.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
 On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels and their bungs,
 The KING and *Co.* sat down to a collation,
 Of flesh, and fish, and fowl, of every nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
 That merc'les fell like tomahawks to work,
 And fearless scalp'd the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
 Whilst Whitbread in the rear beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring MONARCH, stopping to take breath,
 Amidst the regiments of death,

* This alludes to the late Dr. JOHNSON's laugh on a Great Personage, for a laudable curiosity in the Queen's Library, some years since.

Now

Now turn'd to Whitbread, with complacence, round,
 And merry thus address'd the Man of Beer : —

“ Whitbread, is’t true? is’t true? I hear, I hear
 “ You’re of an ancient family — renown’d —

“ What? what? I’m told that you’re a limb
 “ Of PYM, the famous fellow PYM :
 “ What, Whitbread, is it true what people say ;
 “ Son of a Round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

“ I’m told that you send Bibles to your votes —
 “ A snuffling, round-headed society —

“ Pray’r books instead of cash to buy them coats —
 “ Bunyans, and Practices of Piety :
 “ Your Bedford votes would wish to change their *fare*,
 “ Rather fee cash — yes, yes — than books of pray’r.
 “ Thirtieth of January don’t you *feed*?
 “ Yes, yes, you eat calf’s head, you eat calf’s head.”

Now, having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
 Whole hosts o’erturn’d — and seiz’d on all supplies,
 The Royal VISITORS express’d a wish
 To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes.

But

But first the MONARCH so polite,
 Ask'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight*—

Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
 Whitbread contemplated the Knights of PEG,
 Then to his generous Sov'REIGN made a leg,
 And said, " He was afraid he was *too old*.
 " He thank'd, however, his most gracious KING,
 " For offering to make him *such a THING*."

But ah! a diff'rent reason 'twas, I fear!
 It was not age that bade the Man of Beer
 The proffer'd honour of the MONARCH shun :
 The tale of MARG'RET's knife, and royal fright,
 Had almost made him damn the NAME of Knight :
 A tale that farrow'd such a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r *, too, by the KING appointed,
 Ev'n by *himself*, the LORD's ANOINTED—

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to view.

A foe to *fast*, too, is he, let me tell ye ;

And, though a Presbyterian, cannot think

Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)

Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly !

Now from the table with Cæsarean air

Up rose the MONARCH with his laurell'd brow,

When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,

Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miss Whitbread now so thick her curtsies drops,

Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops,

Which hop-like curtsies were return'd by dips

That never hurt the royal knees and hips ;

For hips and knees of QUEENS are sacred things

That only bend on gala days

Before the best of Kings,

When odes of triumph found his praise.

Now through a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding some from *bir'd* and *unbir'd* jaws,
The rareeshow thought proper to retire;
Whilst Mr. Whitbread and his daughter fair
Survey'd all Chiswell Street with lofty air,
For lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

SUCH

SUCH, Thomas, is the way to write !
Thus should'st thou Birth-day Song indite :
 Then stick to EARTH, and leave the lofty SKIE,
 No more of *ti tum tum*, and *ti tum ti*.

Thus should an *honest* LAUREAT write of Kings —
 Not praise them for *imaginary things*.
 I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
 Call *ev'ry* KING a character *sublime* ;
 For *Conscience* will not suffer me to wander
 So *very* widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well *some* KINGS* are to be seen,
 To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
 Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains* —
 I won't say that they *never* brain posses'd —
 They *may* have been with such a present bleſſ'd,
 And therefore fancy that *some* *ſtill* remains :

* Foreign Kings.

For

For ev'ry well-experienc'd surgeon knows
 That men who with their *legs* have parted,
 Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
 And often at the twinges *started* ;
 Then *stare* upon their oaken stumps, in vain !
 Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men, then, who their *absent toes* have mourn'd,
 Can fancy those same toes at times return'd ;
 So Kings, in matters of *intelligences*,
 May fancy they have stumbled on their *senses*.

Yes, Tom — mine is the way of writing Ode —
 Why liftest thou thy piqus eyes to God ?
 Strange disappointment in thy looks I read ;
 And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
 “ Is this an action, PETER, this a deed,
 “ To raiſe a MONARCH to the sky ?
 “ Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
 “ Rare things to figure in the Muse's song ! ”

Thomas,

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels—
Far from the dove-like PETER be such strife
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact,
Thy CÆSAR never did an act
More wise, more glorious, in his life.

Now GOD preserve all wonder-hunting KINGS,
Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or Kew-house,
And may they never do more foolish things
Than visiting SAM WHITBREAD and his brewhouse.

F I N I S.

